

Life

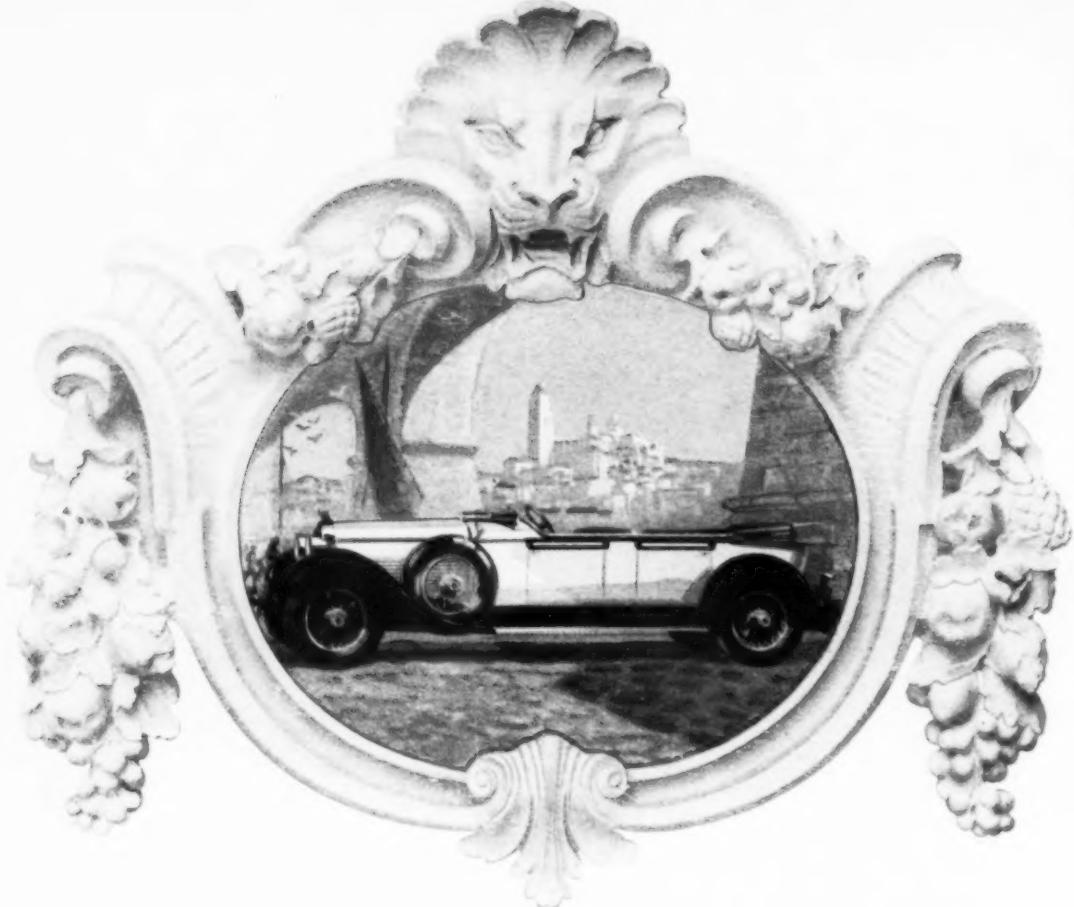
Kay's Last Letter
in the
\$2500.00
PRIZE CONTEST



February 9, 1928

Too Sweet for Words!

Price 15 cents



A SENSATION IN COLOR! AGAIN WE SET A NEW POINT IN PROGRESS. EVERY CAR IN THIS REMARKABLE LINE WILL THIS YEAR BE GIVEN AN INDIVIDUALIZED COLOR COMBINATION. NO TWO CARS EXACTLY ALIKE! AND EVERY ONE WITH FINER BEAUTY, INCREASED SPEED, UNMATCHED SAFETY.

THE
SPLENDID
STUTZ



YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO SEE THIS SAFEST CAR EVER BUILT

HU
LIFE
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The New **HUDSON-ESSEX** **SUPER-SIXES**

*With Beauty to Match
Their Super-Six Performance*

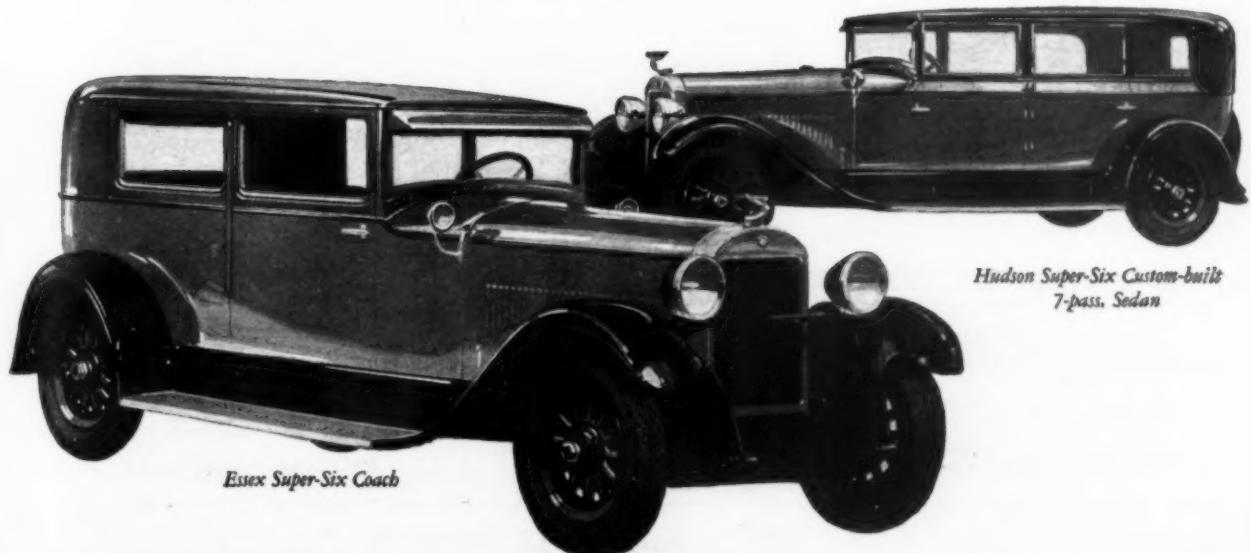
To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super-Six performance, must now be added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.

We can say these are the greatest cars ever produced under Hudson-Essex auspices, in no wise so forcefully as to say that their detail, finish and beauty match their Super-Six performance.

In the enthusiastic thousands who are buying them you will find the truly discriminating—those to whom beauty is a necessity—performance a critical demand—and value a clear understanding.

M A N Y N E W M O D E L S

All reflect Tomorrow's Vogue



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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TUBERCULOSIS can be cured more easily than any other dangerous, chronic disease. Some doctors say "arrested", others say "cured"—it amounts to the same thing. If it is detected in its early stages it can be stopped before serious damage is done.

For thousands of years, tuberculosis has been mankind's great scourge. Whole families have been blotted out. Even now, when science knows exactly what causes tuberculosis, how to prevent it and how to cure it, one family in every 50 pays toll to this disease. These tragedies are largely due to ignorance or neglect.

Young people of high school ages, and young women up to the age of 25, are especially susceptible. Tuberculosis exacts heavy penalties from men and women between 25 and 50—at the time when most needed by their families.

The danger signals of tuberculosis are usually plain to be seen and the danger is great—unless the signals are heeded.

Tuberculosis is like a fire started by a match. Stepped on immediately, the fire is stamped out completely. But if permitted to

You may have tuberculosis

Watch for these danger signs =

- too easily tired
- loss of weight
- indigestion
- cough that hangs on

Let your doctor decide

gain too much headway, it sweeps on to destruction.

In the month of March 1928, a nation-wide campaign for the early diagnosis of tuberculosis will be conducted by more than 1500 tuberculosis and health associations of the United States. They will organize meetings where information will be given, motion pictures and posters will be shown and pamphlets distributed, all emphasizing the importance of early diagnosis.

People will be told to watch for the first signs of tuberculosis. They will be asked to answer these four questions:

1. Do you tire easily?
2. Are you losing weight?
3. Do you suffer from indigestion?
4. Have you a cough which hangs on?

There will be many instances, of course, in which people may have all four of these weaknesses without having contracted tuberculosis. But if the answer is "yes" to any one or more of these questions, act instantly. Go to your physician for a complete medical

examination. He will not merely put his ear to your partly covered chest and then give an opinion. With stethoscope on bared chest, perhaps with X-ray photographs and other diagnostic tests, he will seek to discover definitely the condition of your lungs. Then he will advise what should be done for prevention or cure.

Hopeful, but ill-advised sufferers have wasted millions of dollars on so-called "remedies" for tuberculosis, in spite of the fact that all great medical authorities agree that not one person has ever been cured in this way. But, on the other hand, many thousands of tuberculous patients who have gone to a sanatorium and had the benefit of scientific medical care in addition to Rest, Fresh Air, Sunshine and Nourishing Food, have come back to their families—cured. Every modern sanatorium that is built to care for tuberculous patients helps to reduce the deathrate.

The big, life-saving message to the nation in March will be, "Find out—don't wait".

The war to prevent and cure tuberculosis is one of the brilliant triumphs of modern science. The deathrate from tuberculosis has been reduced almost two-thirds during the past 40 years.

Now statisticians boldly predict that during the lifetime of the majority of the readers of this announcement tuberculosis will be under such thorough control that it will be an infrequent cause of death.

Think what it means. Twenty years ago the principal cause of death—twenty years from now an infrequent cause of death.

At first the fight was a stubborn one and at times discouraging. When cases reached physicians they had usually advanced too

far for successful treatment. Later, when cases were discovered in early stages the tide turned. Today—thanks to greatly increased knowledge of preventive measures and to the widespread cooperation of individuals, as well as official and private organizations, with the medical profession—tremendous gains are in sight.

The Metropolitan urges people in all parts of the country to give whole-hearted support to the March campaign of the national and local tuberculosis and health associations for early diagnosis and immediate action. A copy of the Metropolitan's booklet, "Tuberculosis", will be mailed free to every person asking for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Λ Τ Φ Ε



TELEMACHUS: I s'pose it seems good to be home again, Helen?
HELEN OF TROY: Not so good. I can't stand these dowdy Spartan dressmakers after getting my clothes from Paris for so long.

In Defense of Publishers

(By an Author Looking for One)

"The other day there came to me a package of books from a well-known American publishing house...What I found, not to put too fine a point upon it, was simply bilge."

—H. L. Mencken, in *New York World*.

WHENE'ER I chance to buy a
(Let's say) biography,
With H. L. Mencken I a-
Gree.

While as for modern fiction,
I find it so much junk;
The pure (in Harvard diction)
Bunk.

Ere I, despairing, into
A travel book have gone
One chapter, I begin to
Yawn.

That Mr. M. acutely
Rates lots of litrachoor
As bilge, is absolutely
Sure.

Yet though the harsh truth blister,
That searing word condemns
Even some things of Mr.
M.'s.

Why (with a minimum of
Real justice, I opine),
That tag's been tied to some of
Mine!

Since I, Jove and Professor
Mencken are prone to nod,
May not a so much lesser
God?

What vessel built for cruising,
However tight its skin,
Can keep some bilge from oozing
In?

What critic, loudly shrieking
Our parlous state about,
Can keep some bilge from leaking
Out?

So, Dr. Mencken, sharn't we
That kindly phrase recall:
Publishers, you, me—Aren't We
All?

Baron Ireland.

Life



Hired Man (from the city): I'm going to quit! I can't stand this awful silence.
Old Farmer: Aw—stick around. In a month or so the frogs'll begin to croak over in the pond.

The Millennium Comes to the A. P. Man

MONDAY: The Prince of Wales elopes with the first girl to fly over the Atlantic and decides to spend his honeymoon in a Bellanca monoplane trying for the world's endurance record.

Tuesday: The Queen of the May selected by the fair maids of Bryn Mawr tries for the flagpole-sitting record, choosing as her site a staff on the deck of the world's fastest steamship trying to cross the Atlantic in four days.

Wednesday: The red-haired girl bandit of Cincinnati is given the freedom of the city by Montpellier for swimming the Hellespont after firing at Mussolini with an authentic Chicago machine-gun.

Thursday: The baby who swallowed four open safety-pins is made a member of the Our Gang Comedy Team and poses for a picture dancing the Varsity Drag with Clarence Chamberlin on ice skates.

Friday: The man who ate eighty-four hot dogs declares under oath that he planted the bombs in the New York Subway and is photographed aquaplaning at one hundred miles an hour off Coral Gables.

Saturday: A world-wide conven-

tion of Self-Appointed Experts for Saving the S-4 meets at Houston, Texas, and carries the Democratic nomination for One-Eyed Connelly.

Sunday: Lindbergh gets married.
Samuel Grafton.

Valentine to a Companionate Wife

NOT we, my dear, may well disparage These mooted modern forms of marriage, For in our own estate we find Their innovations all combined.

Our nuptial bond by stipulation Remains of limited duration: We said (and meant it) at the start Its term should be, "till Death us part."

Should "Trial Marriage" stir objections When trials come in all connections? A trial marriage ours is, too, Although we count its trials few.

As up the mountains, down the canyons And through the world we've been companions, Who would not call our partnered state Distinctively companionate?

Then since, with only mild corrections, You've borne and bear my imperfections, Accept, sweet wedded love of mine, A grateful husband's Valentine.

Arthur Guiterman.



"No, woman, I will not go with you to the barber's!"

This Skjellerup Comet

IT was unfortunate that the Skjellerup Comet happened to swim into our ken right around Christmas time, when things were in such a rush that if you took your eye off the heavens you missed the comet, and if you took your eye off your Christmas presents they were all taken back to the stores and exchanged.

The Skjellerup Comet (which in England is probably pronounced "Weemsley") was discovered by a Danish gentleman of the same name, as he was returning from the bachelors' dinner prior to his marriage to Helma Saägerlöf in 1786. The party were walking home under the stars, singing and talking together, when Skjellerup happened to look up into the moonlit sky and noticed a phenomenon of more than passing interest. A large ball of fire with a streaming tail was shooting through the heavens at a rate of 187,000,000 miles a second, entirely disregarding Smiley's Law, which strictly prohibited the passing of a red stop-light.

"Is that a comet?" asked Skjellerup of his friends. "Or do these old eyes deceive me?"

"Those old eyes deceive you," was the immediate response. "You have had a little too much Swedish punch, Skjellerup, that's all."

"I only drank six glasses," retorted the old fellow, "and I had to toast the bride, didn't I?"



OLD LADY: Are you sure these are being worn? I don't want to appear conspicuous.

And with this he burst into tears, sobbing: "She's the best little girl in the world, and I am unworthy to kiss even her boot-tops."

Here he seemed to forget that Helma invariably went around bare-

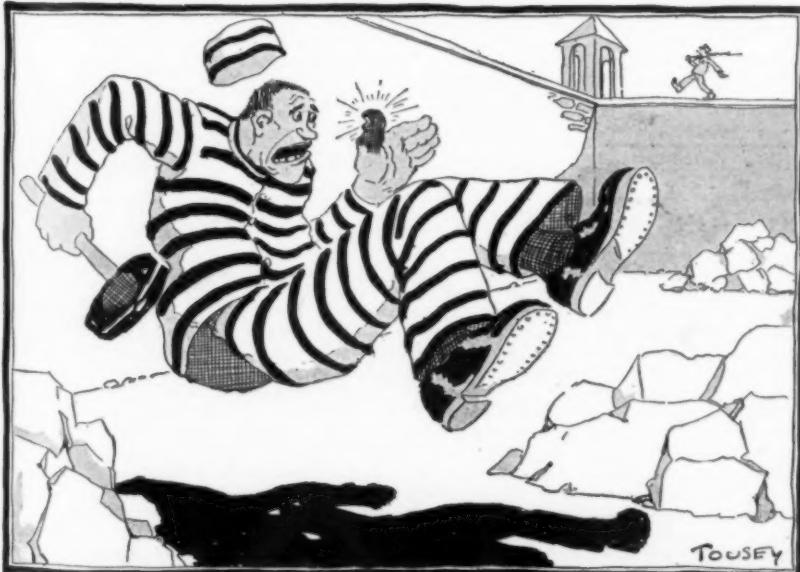
foot, as Schemmerlich (Hamburg, 1854) pointed out in his masterly treatise on "Die Kometen und Vorspielhaus von Das Ausgesellschaftshauptbahnhofzug." But it was a natural mistake in the circumstances.

Skjellerup was later burned as a witch when it was discovered that he was right, and that the celestial body in question really was a comet. "He knows entirely too damn much about comets," was the consensus of opinion, and children warned their parents not to eat too much gooseberry pie or the bogey man (Skjellerup) would catch them. It was not until 1795 that Riegert, the great analytic theorist, thought of looking through the right end of the telescope, and proved that a great injustice had been done to his celebrated forbear. By this time, however, Skjellerup was dead.

And there the matter rests.
Herr Doctor Norman R. Jaffray.

HARRY: It's being whispered about that Horace is a drug addict.

LARRY: Yes, he's always stuffing himself with malted milk and ham sandwiches.



"Wow! Can ya beat it—ruining me safe-crackin' thumb on me last day in jail!"

Life's All-American

The Winning Answer to Kay's Sixth Letter

DEAR KAY:

The Pacific Northwest surely is delightful! However, no place this side of heaven has perpetual sunshine—although sunny California uses the slogan: Land of Perpetual Sunshine.

You couldn't hop from Seattle and Tacoma; but could land at one of Portland's airports, as Lindy did.

Pasadena holds the Tournament of Roses; Portland's Rose Festival occurs in June, so you missed that. Can anything be *too* attractive?

John Jacob Astor founded Astoria; Portland was settled by New England traders. The Willamette River runs through Portland. Hood River Valley isn't visible from Portland. Did you mean Senator McNary—or Governor Patterson?

The Carnation Milk Company's main plant is at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin—not Salem! The Oregon plant is at Hillsboro; the "contented cows" are at the Carnation farms, north of Seattle.

Crater Lake appears cerulean blue, not emerald green—the water isn't actually either color! You flew over the Cascade Range.

There is no Mormon Cathedral, and the Mormon Temple isn't open to visitors; it and the Mormon Tabernacle were built by Brigham Young and associates.

Small "t" in "the";—and the Great Salt Lake cute? Wonderful! And perfectly safe for bathers!

Salt Lake City was never attacked by United States troops (small "t"). Brigham Young had more than four residences — only he knew

how many!—in which he (not he and his wife) lived with various of his numerous wives. The Salt Lake team isn't with that league now.

Denver is the Queen City of the Plains. Even Pike's Peak doesn't cast a shadow seventy-five miles long! Denver is one mile above sea-level. You viewed the Rocky Mountains; the Comstock Lode (not Load) is in western Nevada.

You meant Reno, Nevada. Reno was named for General Reno—and is a noted divorce center—quite different from your translation, eh? Usually women outnumber men there. That bout was scheduled for forty-five rounds but ended in the fifteenth when Johnson (no "t") knocked out Jeffries.

You must be staying with an officer's family at the Presidio, a government military reservation, which overlooks the site of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Fly over San Francisco Bay to see the Greek Theatre in Berkeley—not in Stanford, a university. Name is Goat (not Deer) Island.

Yes, San Francisco recovered quickly from its great fire—not forgetting its great earthquake!

Eager for your next letter and more educational surprises!

Sincerely,
CHARLOTTE MISH,
962 Mt. Adams Drive,
Portland, Oregon.

(Note: The only flaw in this letter, in the opinion of the Judges, is in the reference to Brigham Young's residences, of which there were — officially — only three.)

PRIZE WINNERS (Kay's Sixth Letter)

First Prize of \$75.00—won by CHARLOTTE MISH, 962 Mt. Adams Drive, Portland, Oregon.

Four Second Prizes (one more than was offered) of \$25.00 each—won by:

GEORGE M. DICKSON, Jr., 211 Hoge Building, Seattle, Washington.

EDNA ENNIS, 748 S. Catalina Street, Los Angeles, California.

JYOCIE S. HUGILL, 1125 Yeon Building, Portland, Oregon.

CHARLES W. STEWART, Jr., West Point, New York.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

THE object in this Contest is to detect and correct the mistakes in Kay Vernon's letters—the twelfth and last of which appears in this issue.

Kay Vernon's tour has covered most of the principal cities of the United States, and each week her letters have included descriptions of the scenes and places she visited. In these descriptions have been many errors and inaccuracies.

Every answer to this Contest must take the form of a letter to Kay Vernon, telling her what mistakes she has made, and correcting those mistakes. It is important that each answer submitted be marked with the corresponding number of Kay's letter. The prizes will be awarded to those who detect and correct the greatest number of mistakes

in each of Kay's letters, and who express themselves most effectively in their letters to her. Answers to this Contest do not have to be humorous or elaborate in presentation. They must be clear, concise and to the point. Answers are limited to four hundred words each. There is no limit to the number of answers any one contestant may submit.

The answers to each of Kay's letters will be judged separately and the weekly prizes awarded accordingly. The grand prizes will be awarded to those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole. It is not necessary to answer all of Kay's letters to be eligible for the grand prizes.

All answers to this Contest must be addressed to KAY VERNON, LIFE,

598 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Answers to Kay's TWELFTH LETTER must reach LIFE'S office not later than 12 noon on Saturday, March 3rd. Announcement of the winners will appear in the March 22nd issue of LIFE.

All answers must be typewritten, or written legibly, using one side of the paper only, with the contestant's name and address on each sheet.

In the event of a tie, the full prize will be given to each tying contestant.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

Travel Contest

Weekly Prizes

For the best answer to each of Kay Vernon's letters:

First Prize - - - \$75.00

**Three Second Prizes
of \$25.00 each**

Final Grand Prizes

For those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole:

First Prize - - - \$400.00

Second Prize - - - \$200.00

Third Prize - - - \$100.00



THIS IS KAY'S TWELFTH (and Last) LETTER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have now completed the last "leg" of my glorious trip, and it has all been too wonderful for words. I have seen most of the famous sights of America, including "Abie's Irish Rose." Yes — I stopped off at Wilmington, had lunch at the Hotel DuPont, and walked through a blinding snow-storm to the theatre where Anne Nichol's great comedy was playing. I loved it!

Having left my airplane in Washington, I went by train to Baltimore, with the stop-off at Wilmington en route. My first act on reaching Baltimore was to make a pilgrimage to the little house on Hollins Street where the *American Mercury* is edited. I was thrilled to think that those stone walls could contain so much "gray matter." I visited another literary shrine—the grave in Druid Hill Park where Edgar Allan Poe is buried.

I didn't go out to Johns Hopkins University, because I've never been very keen for medical students. They can't seem to cure themselves of the professional manner, and it gets very embarrassing. I did, however, go to a party on Lafayette Square in the exclusive Jones Falls district where Napoleon's sister-in-law once lived.



On the train from Baltimore to Philadelphia, I saw Valley Forge, where Washington won his greatest victory, and I also passed right by the University of Pennsylvania with its beautiful concrete stadium.

The first thing I saw on stepping out of the station was the City Hall, on the top of which is a tiny statue of William Penn. He stands up there, looking out over the vast expanse of the state that he founded.

Right next to the City Hall on Broad Street is Wanamaker's huge store, and a few blocks to the east are the Bellevue Stratford and the Ritz. To the west is Independence Square, where I saw the birthplace of the American flag and also the home of *Liberty* (both the institution and the magazine).

Of course, Liberty Hall itself is the center of interest in Philadelphia—and you can imagine how I felt when I entered the famous East Room and stepped on the very boards that had been trod by Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and other signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Lovingly,

Kay

P. S. Now I'm going home to take a long rest—and also to give your readers one.

P. P. S. I've tried very, very hard to get everything right and I do hope I haven't made any mistakes; but if I have, I shall love hearing about them!

Answer Kay's letter! Correct her mistakes!



HAZEL: You may give me some gilt-edged securities for my birthday.
NUT: I didn't know you liked fancy garters.

A Liberty Writer Gets Up

8 A. M. Alarm clock goes into action. (Ringing time, 2 minutes and 11 seconds.) Reaches out arm to throttle clock, which dives to floor and rolls under dresser, still ringing. (Continued ringing time, 1 minute and 7 seconds.) Leaps from bed and dashes for window to take morning exercises. Decides it's too cold. (Deciding time, 1½ seconds.) Turns on radiator and finds there's no steam. (Cursing time, 1 minute and 13 seconds.) Crawls back into bed to warm up. (Warming time, 3 minutes and 32 seconds.) Falls asleep. (Sleeping time, 16 minutes and 41 seconds.) Wife screams into his ear that toast is burnt to a cinder, etc., etc. (Screaming time, 2 minutes and 11 seconds.) Sits up in bed and tells her he is awake. (Lying time, 1 minute and 3 seconds.) Lies down again as soon as she goes out. Falls asleep. (Continued snoozing time, 14 minutes and 17 seconds.) Wife returns with pitcher of ice water. Gazes at her gifted husband with supreme disgust. (Gazing time, 9 seconds.) Pours ice water in his face. (Pouring time, ½ second.) Author rises. (Rising time, 1/16 second.)

Asia Kagowan.

Life

Valentine

LADY, on the fourteenth, when you
Greet the postman with a smile,
May these simple lines I pen you
Thrill your soul effete, awhile;
May an instant blush, ecstatic,
On your carmine cheek appear,
Measures dulcet, soft, beatic
Penetrate your earringed ear.

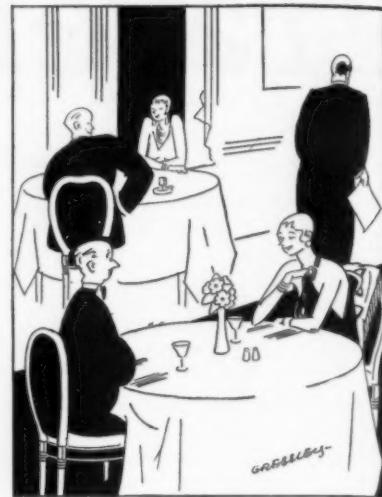
At your birth the friendly fairies
Lavished charms—the milkmaids
who
Decorate poetic dairies
Haven't got a thing on you—
Gave you verve and vim and figure
Pleasing to madame modiste;
What the style or what the rig,
you're
Perfect, dear, to say the least.

Though you are the inspiration
For this laudatory verse
With its pseudo-oblation,
Lady, here's my message terse:
Really I am unimpassioned—
Cold my heart as sodden moss—
But a Valentine is fashioned
Thus, of blah and applesauce.
Dugald Dhu.

Foresight

"I'LL hand it to Johnson."
"What for?"
"He got married on the twenty-ninth of February."
"What's the date got to do with it?"
"He forgets his wedding anniversary only once every four years."

"DID you enjoy your trip to Quebec?"
"Not much."
"Why not?"
"There's too darned much red tape about getting liquor up there."



"They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in French."

"So did I. It was a good story."

Unnecessary

I'M not planning a vacation trip this year. There are a couple of national parks I haven't visited, and several resorts I've often thought I'd like to take in some time. But it would be only a waste of time and money to start a tour this spring or early summer. I haven't been able to get last year's stickers off the windshield, and there isn't room on it for any new ones.

C. J.

Modernity

DOOTTIE: What do you think?
Bill's asked me to marry him!
LOTTIE: Honestly!
"Er—no—just companionately."

ASUPERSALESMAN is one who could sell another set of secret papers to William Randolph Hearst.



THE BOY: Ya gotta lotta noive waitin' on all those people before me, when I was here foist. Is 'at th' way t' treat a customer? Gimme one cent's wort' o' nuts.

I TH
rel
frank
Babe
Herb
back,
outfiel
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ELOPERS: Five dollars for a marriage ceremony! We haven't that much, Judge.
MODERN JUSTICE OF THE PEACE: Well, I can give you a trial marriage for two dollars.

What I Think About It All

I THINK that the question of farm relief is a mighty big question and frankly I look for the Yanks, with Babe Ruth still in his prime, with Herb Pennock and Wilcey Moore back, and with the same infield and outfield as last year, to win in a walk. As for the tariff question, I don't think its importance can be overestimated and I should like to see Dempsey and Tunney rematched because I believe that if Jack gets another chance he will make a monkey out of Gene. The question of armaments and the League of Nations is another big national, if not international, question and as I see it, the new Ford is absolutely the biggest thing that ever happened and I don't believe that Hispano-Suiza will have a look-in in the small-car field. As for our policy in Central America, that will take some deep thinking and no matter how you look at it, I think that Kiki Cuyler got a raw deal at Pittsburgh and it would certainly be funny if he won the pennant for the Cubs. Prohibition is another issue that will

just have to be settled one way or the other, and I look for some big improvements in radio. What's to be done about the Fall-Sinclair case and about Smith and Vare, especially now that Smith has been rejected by the Senate, is a mighty big problem and I, for one, think that Bobby Jones is the greatest golfer of all time. As for Al Smith, I don't think he has a chance to get the Demo-

cratic nomination, but then again, you can't tell; however, I do think that Harvard and Princeton ought to let bygones be bygones, and that goes for West Point and the Naval Academy, too, and as for the development of a merchant marine, if you left it to me, I'd let Remus go free because you can't deny that he sold good liquor. And you can't deny that I shall be able to carry on my share of the public discussion that always takes place in a presidential year as well as the next fellow.

Tupper Greenwald.

Cash Girl!

"THERE'S 'success' for you! That girl used to be in the chorus and now she's got all kinds of money."

"Where'd she get it?"

"Sold some manuscripts called 'The Impressions of a Married Man.'"

"Oh,—she's an author, then?"

"Not exactly—she's a collector. She sold 'em to the author."



"SHE DOES ALL HER OWN WORK"



"...but tell Papa what happened!"
"I—I—I beat up an egg."

The Street of Broken Hearts

BROADWAY is the street of broken hearts. Stand on the corner of Broadway and 44th Street and watch the faces of the people passing by. In each one of them you can see the blankness of despair, the death of hope. What has brought them here? A dream, an old desire, an unrealized ambition. They have tried to accomplish the impossible: they have stormed the hostile gates of the city and found them impregnable. Only a few among these many can ever hope to break in. The rest must stay outside or, giving up the battle, return disconsolate to their homes.

The Paramount Theatre is jammed again.
N. R. J.

One-Way Traffic

FLORIDIAN: Is California growing fast?

CALIFORNIAN: Is it? Well! The conductors on westbound trains all carry canaries to keep them from being lonesome on the return trip.

Nearly all men are willing to fight for what they want; and most women attend bargain sales.

Two Sub-Title Writers Discuss a Party

"HELLO, Jack. What time did you get in this morning?"

"Don't mention it, Tom. As DAWN SWEEP LIKE AN AMBER FLOOD OVER THE CITY A DAZED MAN STEALTHILY PAUSED BEFORE THE BAINBRIDGE COTTAGE. Happy daze, eh, Tom?"

"You said it! I suppose JACK BAINBRIDGE'S HEAD WAS LIKE THE KEYHOLE—BOTH WERE GOING AROUND IN CIRCLES."

"Worse than that. HE WASN'T A MAGICIAN BUT WHEN HE STRUCK A MATCH TO FIND THE KEYHOLE HE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT!"

"In other words, JACK WAS A HIGH Flier So His Wife CALLED HIM DOWN."

"And then some. WHEN SHE BEGAN TO Bawl HIM OUT HE GOT HOT — So SHE KNOCKED HIM COLD. What luck did you have, Tom?"

"I came home with the milkman. When my wife saw us THE MILK WAS FROZEN SOLID BUT HER HUSBAND WAS ONLY A LITTLE STIFF. She had a rolling-pin in her hand."

"Ha, ha! HE TRIED TO LIE BUT HIS WIFE PINNED HIM DOWN TO THE TRUTH."

"That's not all. SHE SAW HE WAS TRYING TO SNEAK IN BAREFOOT SO SHE GAVE HIM A COUPLE OF SOCKS."

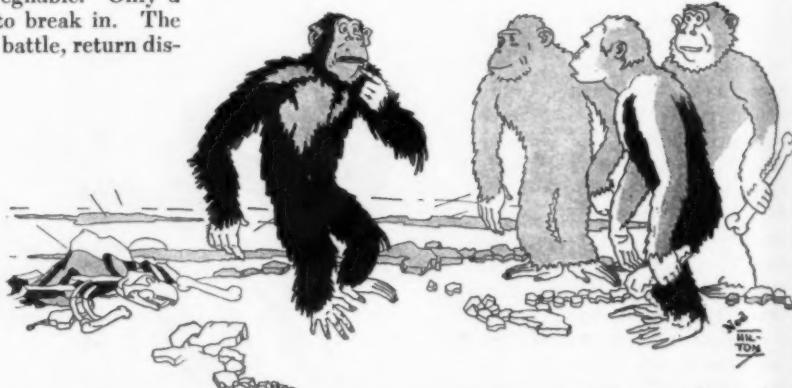
"Just like my wife! SHE TRIED A FLAT-IRON AS AN ARGUMENT BUT IT WAS OVER MY HEAD."

"They're all alike, Jack. Say, when'll we have another party?"

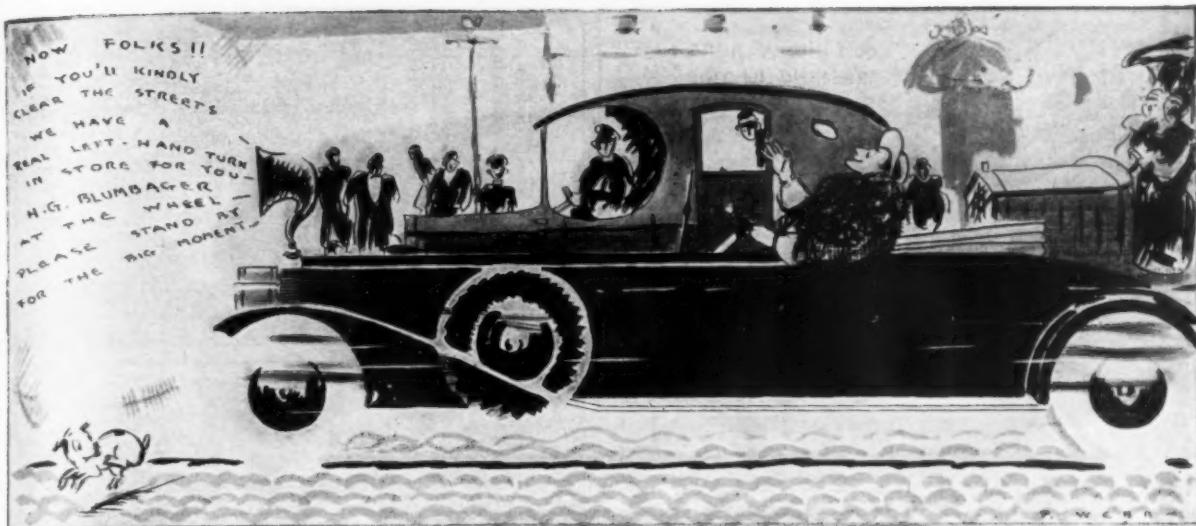
"I can't say, Tom, but drop around tomorrow. Maybe I'll get hold of another quart and we can film up again."

C. Warden La Roe.

"I MAY be old-fashioned," announced the Home Girl, "but I certainly don't believe in these dispassionate marriages."



REMOTE ANCESTOR OF THE PLUMBER (to his wedding guests): Darned if I didn't come away and forget my monkey wrench.



THE RADIO ANNOUNCER TAKES OUT HIS CAR

The Grandview Flats Idea

IT has been several years now since we organized a Chamber of Commerce in Grandview Flats.

Grandview Flats is a pleasant old semi-suburban town, whose houses are mostly about forty years old, comfortable, unpretentious, and sprawling, and whose inhabitants are the same.

We established a Chamber of Commerce for the same reason we all bought Mah Jong sets—because everybody else had them. We engaged an enterprising young Sec-

retary for it at a pretty large salary.

The Chamber of Commerce obtained an enormous 240-millimeter howitzer from the Government and set it up on a pedestal where we had thought of putting a symbolic statue of Peace Descending on Grandview Flats.

The Chamber of Commerce built a new highway from the city, and succeeded in bringing to town a horsehide tannery, a slaughter-house, a nitroglycerin plant, and an asylum for the criminally insane. A good part of the residential section was thus rendered untenable, and we gained a bootlegging problem, a large new jail, and four or five murders on every saint's day.

About a year ago a bunch of us old residents got together and kidnaped the enterprising young Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and delivered him to the captain of a sailing vessel bound for the Pacific Islands to load guano.

We then established in Grandview Flats a Chamber of Anti-Commerce.

The Chamber of Anti-Commerce took over the fine new hotel, shut off the running water, and employed a staff from the asylum for the criminally insane.

The Chamber of Anti-Commerce encouraged the workmen in all the factories to strike for higher wages. The result was that they got no wages at all; at

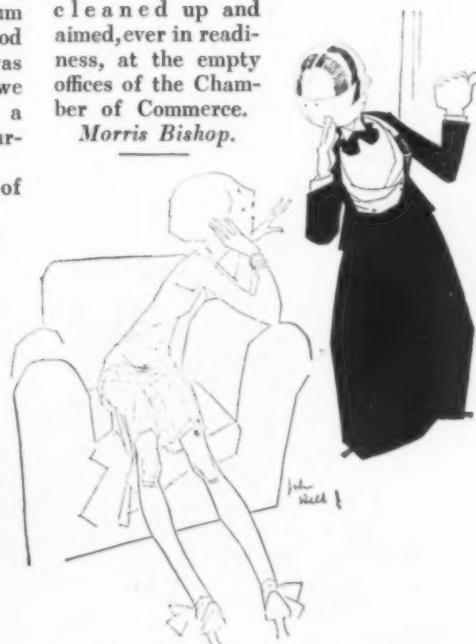
the end of two months they were so maddened that they burned down the factories and had to move away.

The value of real estate has been cut in two and the old families are moving back. The jail has been turned into a school, the ravaged flower-beds reconstituted, the smoke and soot cleaned off the furniture, and Grandview Flats has abolished progress. The 240-millimeter howitzer has been cleaned up and aimed, ever in readiness, at the empty offices of the Chamber of Commerce.

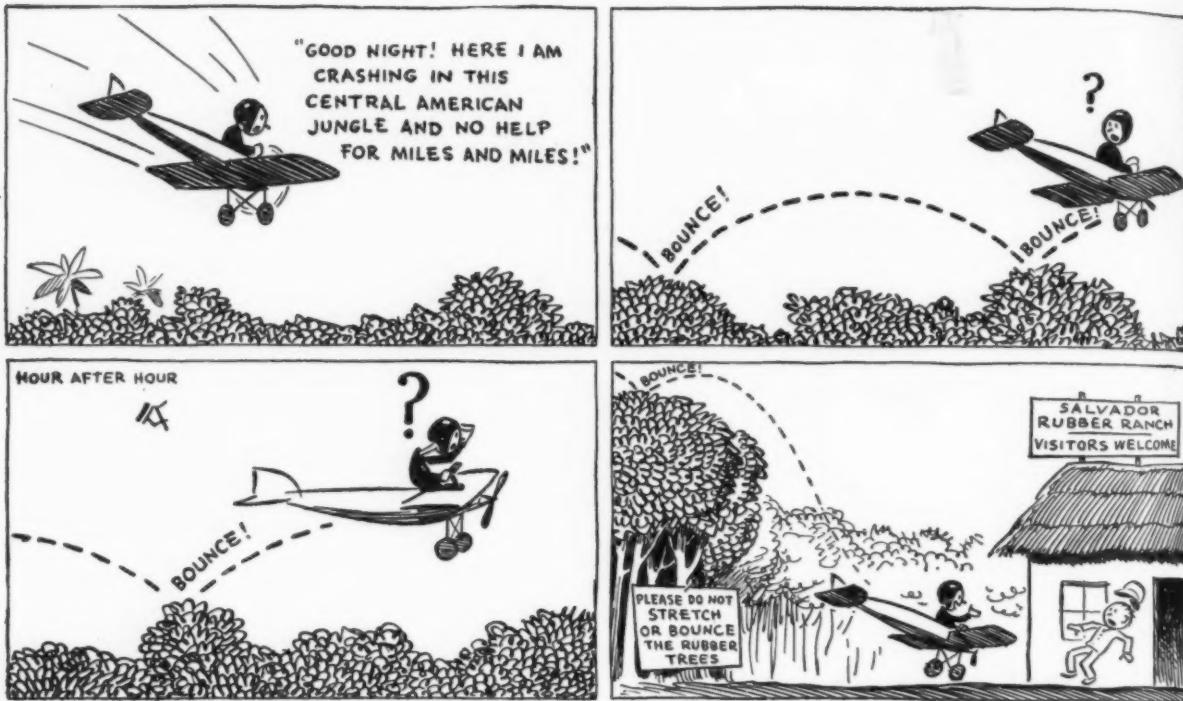
Morris Bishop.



"Gosh, Myrtle, these Japanese costumes are heavy. I wish we had one of them Hawaiian dance acts."



HE: Fred's got some gin outside and—
SHE: I'm off gin. It dissolves my lipstick.



Curriculum

("Schools for pedestrians are being established in Berlin."—*News item.*)

COURTESY A-1: When hit by a truck or a taxicab, victim shall, if able, say to chauffeur: "I really beg your pardon, old fellow, but I had no idea you were going so fast or I should never have thought of putting you to all this trouble. When, and if, I get out of the hospital I hope to have the opportunity of apologizing at greater length."

Courtesy A-2: If narrowly missed

by oncoming car, pedestrian should retreat to the curb, allowing the motorist to back up in preparation for another try. If motorist fails to score a hit on three tries, pedestrian should tip him handsomely and make appointment for following evening.

Dodging 23: In crossing any populous street, follow carefully chart published in newspapers of plays

during Army-Navy game, 1926. For country lanes, State highways (except Saturdays and Sundays) and blind alleys, Amherst-Williams diagrams should prove sufficient.

Ethics 13: Remember, "THE MOTORIST IS ALWAYS RIGHT." It is best to concede this at the start, thereby sparing hard feelings, since, anyway, the pedestrian probably won't be around to prove anything to the contrary.

Poise F-f: When maimed, mangled or mortally injured by a car... be nonchalant...light a MURAD Cigarette. (Advt. free.)

Finance §§: Take out all the insurance policies you can get and give the wife and kiddies a real treat.

Common Sense A to Izzard: Stop being silly: buy a car yourself and have some fun with the darned fools.

Tip Bliss.

An Unbiased Point of View
MY wakefulness last night was due
To dear, insistent thoughts of you;
Though I'll concede it might have been
The lobster Newburgh or the gin.
Marne.



"Hey there, don't ye know ye ain't supposed to smoke while ye're workin'?"
"Huh! Who says I'm workin'?"

February

CZAR of the North, lift up your mighty song!
 The thunder of your legions sounds anew
 And sweeps from out the realm of arctic blue
 Where Winter's ruthless regiments belong.
 Imperious tyrant of a conquered land,
 You show no mercy for the servitude
 Of this poor world your armies have subdued.
 But ah, the scepter quivers in your hand!
 And though you bluster on, half-mad, half-blind,
 Above the clamor of your frenzied dance
 I hear the bard's prophetic utterance,
 "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"...
 Czar of the North, behold her messenger:
 The pussywillows' softly ruffled fur!
Catherine Parmenter.

Egg Coal, Obviously

"WHAT the dickens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.
 "If it's any of your business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."



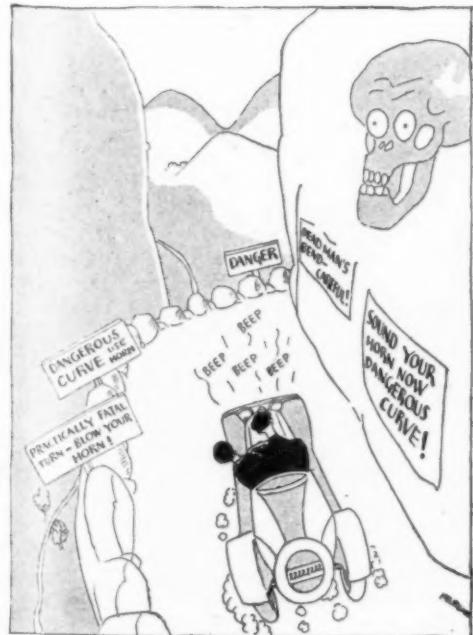
"Now here, sire, is a suit of our best armor. It'll wear like iron and I'll guarantee that the seat won't get shiny."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

January All the morning gone in casting up my accounts, finding the figures of my bank still differing from my own to the extent of eighty-some dollars in my favor, for which I do thank God, albeit it inclines me to occasional extravagances on the principle that

I really have more money than I do give myself credit for. To Ida Guthrie's, and she told me that she had to send off the Sealyham which Biff Wilson gave her because the creature bayed so steadily at one of her husband's family portraits that Ned accused her of training it, and then we fell a-talking of pedigrees and such, and Ida said she would gladly trade in from her record two or three of the old boys who were at the Field of the Cloth of Gold or had a hand in the doings around Thomas à Becket for one sturdy grandparent who had had the wits to think up lemonade straws or get in on the ground floor with Pullman or Rockefeller, and I did agree that I should not at all mind being put in my own classification of "the sort of people who

buy their silver," because, when you get right down to it, what exquisite Georgian stuff is now on the market for those who can afford to purchase it! The real tragedy lying, of course, in the fact that the most potential cheque-writers think in terms of three-pronged forks and a Tiffany trade mark. Ida did show me through her new apartment, pointing out how her bedroom was excessively darkened by an (*Please turn to page 31*)



READ 'EM AND BEEP



Boss: How about dinner and a show to-night?

SECRETARY: Do I get time and a half?



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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IN President Wilson's administration there was a Secretary of the Navy who was not acceptable to admirals. Some got on with him, more did not. That seemed a bad condition, but the present one in which the admirals call the tune and the Secretary helps to swell the chorus may be worse.

If the admirals want a vast building program the Secretary supports it. Admiral Plunkett seems to feel that we are in imminent danger of a war with England. The average reader does not know anything about the quality or condition of Admiral Plunkett's mind or why he should expect trouble with England, but American admirals are quite apt to be that way. Great Britain is the great sea power. All our naval fights that have amounted to anything have been with her. She is the natural obstacle to any power that aspires to dominate the seas. In the late War, before we got into it, the number of pro-German officers in our Navy was matter for astonished remark.

And another thing that the admirals have to worry about is the prospect that the jig may be nearly up with their profession. Nobody knows nowadays how much good warships are. What the forward-looking people are telling us all the time is that if we do have a war, we will have to keep our Navy in the cellar, and do the job with airships.

But as to that we don't know. Evidently we have got to keep on having a navy until it has been demonstrated that navies are no longer

any good, but we do not look to be in any danger of starting on a naval program to outbuild England. So long as preparations to fight England on the sea look to most Americans like lunacy, Congress won't spend money on them.



HEFLIN'S great advantage in discussing religion and especially the Roman Catholic Church is that he has no circulation and no advertising department that is dependent upon the approval of outsiders. His method of advertising is to produce an eruption of wild cries in the Senate and let the newspapers distribute the record of it without expense to him. A good many people must laugh at his anti-papery belligerencies merely because it amuses them to see some one speak his mind on that subject, but he does probably reflect in perceptible measure the uneasiness of millions of minds in the United States about the Roman Catholic Church. One factor in the perpetuation of that uneasiness is that the Roman Church is an autocracy that rules by authority proceeding from the top, whereas the Protestant Churches are preponderantly democratic organizations whereof the officers do not claim divine right but rule in so far as they rule at all as representatives of the membership. The English Church is a curious blend of the two. The question there now is whether the Establishment shall associate itself more closely with the Protestant nonconformists or with Rome.

There is no doubt about the answer of the English to that question.

Another factor that makes for Protestant uneasiness is the extreme zeal and activity of the Catholic managers in the United States for separate education and training for the young people of their communion. An unknown writer, who discusses these matters in the *Atlantic Monthly* and shows both knowledge and intelligence about them, declares that the great aid and ally of the Ku Klux in its anti-Catholic activity is the parochial schools. This person, said to be a Catholic modernist and himself a priest, thinks separate education has been greatly overdone in these States and is very harmful to the Catholic Church.

These are refinements of thought that Heflin does not go into, but meanwhile he is quite helpful to the Pope and to all Catholics. The rubbish he talks won't wash at all and people not better informed will be apt to suppose that what Heflin says is what there is to say on the subject.



FRIENTS of dogs are interested in the case of Dr. Shelling, who kept a lot of dogs in the laboratory of the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn with their jaws taped to keep them quiet. A Humane Society officer had Shelling before the magistrate, who found him guilty of cruelty and gave him a suspended sentence. Appeal was taken to the Appellate Division in Brooklyn, which found, four to one, that the magistrate was right. The case may go to the Court of Appeals. The Hospital Trustees' Association of Brooklyn and Queens, representing twenty-three hospitals, passed a resolution favorable to Dr. Shelling and incidentally favorable to taping the jaws of dogs awaiting their vivisection. Meanwhile prudent canine animals that read the papers will do well to keep away from hospitals.

THE papers report that Lindbergh's nerves are shaky as the result of continuous social exposure. He is a valuable young man and deserves at least as careful treatment as a zoo animal.

E. S. Martin.



Step on It!



The Author of a Sensational Novel Give

Se



l Gives Out Her Views on Love

Life

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print **LIFE**, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

American Laboratory Theatre. *East 54th St.*—Under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky and likely to be more satisfactory than most experimental theatres.

Behold the Bridegroom. *Cort*—Judith Anderson as a woman who died of love after an interesting decline.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden back in romantic costume-drama again for a brief spell.

Carry On. Masque.—Owen Davis' latest play, written in the manner of his first. Not so hot.

Civiv Repertory. *Fourteenth St.*—Eva Le Gallienne and her little band in an apparently successful fight to give good plays at low prices.

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—A sad little play as a background for Helen Hayes' splendid performance.

Mrs. Dane's Defense. *Cosopolitan*—Being the first of a series of revivals of old favorites. Helen Menken plays the old Margaret Anglin rôle in this.

A Distant Drum. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

Diversion. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Intense probing into a young man's emotional mechanism. Rather harrowing but effective.

Dracula. *Fulton*—Something cheery in death-walking and throat-biting.

Escape. *Booth*—Galsworthy's interesting speculation on what would happen to an escaped convict if he were as personable as Leslie Howard.

A Free Soul. *Klaw*—Reviewed in this issue.

La Gringa. Little—To be reviewed later.

Interference. *Lyceum*—Good acting making a melodrama of the old love-and-poison school worth an evening.

The Ladder. *Belmont*—Pretty soon this thing will stop being funny and will take its place under Serious Economic Waste.

The Merchant of Venice. *Broadhurst*—Reviewed in this issue.

Mongolia. *Mansfield*—Melodrama of the Russian military which seems to have staying qualities.

The Mystery Man. *Bayes*—To be reviewed next week.

The Patriot. *Majestic*—Reviewed in this issue. **Porgy.** *Republic*—One of the solid successes of the season—a cross-section of Negro life, played by Negro actors.

The Racket. *Ambassador*—Inside a Chicago police-station and some of the dirty work that goes on. An exciting and intelligent melodrama.

Salvation. *Empire*—With Pauline Lord. To be reviewed later.

The Silver Box. *Morosco*—A revival of one of Galsworthy's early works which might just as well have been left in the trunk.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—The new O'Neill play. To be reviewed next week.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—Much more absorbing than you would believe possible considering that it all takes place in a court-room.

We Never Learn. *Erlinge*—To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—Grant Mitchell in a farce which, oddly enough, is very funny.

Broadway. *Century*—Well, it's about this fellow—or maybe you've seen it?

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—Love among the hoofers, with several moments which are worth waiting for.

Coco Robin. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A murder-mystery which has some swell comedy in it, especially from Beatrice Herford.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone showing how you can have your fun and still serve your country. Terribly exciting to inhibited maiden-ladies.

Excess Baggage. *Ritz*—The story of "Burlesque" told about vaudevillians, with a wow at the finish.

57 Bowery. *Wallack's*—To be reviewed next week.

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—Something nice in whimsical fairy-tales, with Henry Hull as the whimsical King.

Marco Millions. *Guild*—A spectacular satire by Eugene O'Neill, which comes a little late but still is something to be seen. Alfred Lunt as the Venetian Babbitt.

The Medicine Show. *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

Mirrors. *Forrest*—To be reviewed next week.

Paris Bound. *Music Box*—Madge Kennedy in a Grade-A social comedy with excellent small-talk and some social comment.

The Queen's Husband. *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—Delightful view of the interior of theatrical household.

The Shannons. *Martin Beck*—Small-town comedy with a vaudeville background making an all-around good show.

So Am I. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

The Taming of the Shrew. *Garrick*—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis giving Shakespeare in modern dress, and making a comical show of it.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Good diversion, what with Florence Moore, Jack Pearl, Jack Osterman and Ted Lewis.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—Something out of the ordinary in musical shows, with something out of the ordinary in music.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw in a dressy show.

Funny Face. *Alvin*—Some extraordinary dancing by the Astaires and comedy by Victor Moore and William Kent.

Golden Dawn. *Hammerstein's*—High-class operetta.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Something very satisfactory in perpetual motion.

Harry Delmar's Revels. *Shubert*—Nothing out of the ordinary, but good, regulation entertainment. Frank Fay heads the cast.

Harry Lauder. *Knickerbocker*—The famous Italian comedian in a limited engagement.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—So good that it is to be done in Paris under the name of "Frappes le Pont."

Lovely Lady. *Sam H. Harris*—Edna Leedom in a show built expressly for her.

The Madcap. *Royale*—With Mitzi. To be reviewed later.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—You ought to know by this time that Ed Wynn has something to do with this, and that ought to be enough.

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger's*—We have never been able to figure out whether this is kidding the conventional musical comedy or is the conventional musical comedy. The fact that George M. Cohan is in it would indicate the former.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—The Civil War in Shubert uniforms.

Oh, Johnny! *Imperial*—To be reviewed later.

The Optimists. *Century Roof*—With Luella Gear and George Hassell. To be reviewed later.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—With Joe Cook and Tom Howard. To be reviewed later.

Rio Rita. *Lyceum*—The dean of Mr. Ziegfeld's beautiful spectacles now playing with Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—The youngest of Mr. Ziegfeld's beautiful spectacles, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue, the latter very funny, as usual.

She's My Baby. *Globe*—Beatrice Lillie, and if you want to know anything more about it, you're crazy.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—The most important of Mr. Ziegfeld's beautiful spectacles, with some grand singing by Jules Bledsoe and a company headed by Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan and Norma Terris.

Take the Air. *Waldorf*—Recommended because of Will McNamee's comedy.

White Eagle. *Casino*—Satisfactory without being startling.



"Yes, I always take Snookums to the better Exhibitions. I want him to become art-conscious."



In General

AS was to be expected, the appearance of George Arliss as *Shylock* awoke a myriad memories in the press concerning the *Shylocks* of famous actors in the past. Mr. Arliss' *Shylock* was compared with the *Shylock* of Beerbohm Tree, and found more intellectual and less supple than the *Shylock* of Mansfield. On the other hand, it was pointed out that David Warfield's *Shylock* brought something of the rhythm of the Jewish race into sharp contrast with the tonal quality of Hampden's Jew. Every *Shylock* in theatrical history except that of Ed Wynn was recalled and classified. The press went *Shylock*-mad.

The wonder to us is how these commentators remember what the various *Shylocks* were like. We have a hard time remembering the names of the actors we have seen play *Shylock*; much less do we recall the nature of their conceptions of the part. We know that we never saw Beerbohm Tree, and probably not Mansfield, although we couldn't swear to it. We did see Hampden's *Shylock* but we get it a little mixed up with his *Othello*. The last one we remember was David Warfield, but we recall him better as *Anton von Barwig* in "The Music Master." This is no affectation of indifference on our part. The performances of "The Merchant of Venice" which we have seen are all rather hazy in our mind, owing probably to our having dozed lightly during most of them.

Having thus disqualified ourself for any serious criticism of Mr. Arliss' work, we will close this study of the part by saying that it seemed all right to us and that we never remember having seen a lovelier *Portia* than Peggy Wood. In fact, we don't remember any one else whom we have seen play *Portia*. Now you know what sort of dramatic critic we are.



WHILE we were watching "The Patriot" we thought it was pretty darned good, but, on thinking it over, it seems just a bit ham. We must have been dazzled by the uniforms. Gilbert Miller has given it a beautiful production, what with Norman-Bel Geddes and everything (incidentally, we are getting tired of hearing people who ought to know better calling Mr. Geddes "Mr. Bel-Geddes"). The "Bel" goes on the first name, as we understand it, and we should like to see a little more accuracy in the matter from now on, please). The uniforms are swell, and the actors, including Messrs. Leslie Faber, John Gielgud, and Lyn Harding, wear them with considerable distinction and revel in rôles which would be the delight of any actor who is an actor.

It was probably all this which swept us into an appre-

cative mood for "The Patriot." Without the uniforms and the personable qualities of the players, we have an idea it might have been a rather dull play with plenty of holes in it. However, as it is the effect which counts, we must admit that we enjoyed it.



ANYTHING that Willard Mack writes has a certain swing to it and "A Free Soul" is no exception. It is also no great shakes as a play. But, for an evening's entertainment, if you are not very particular, it will serve very well. Kay Johnson lends a great deal of tone to the proceedings and there is a certain news value attaching to the performance through Mr. William A. Brady's having stepped into the leading male rôle when Lester Lonergan was taken ill, to carry on with a skill which few producers could have equalled.

This last-minute stepping into the breach on Mr. Brady's part suggests perhaps a benefit performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" with a cast made up entirely of managers, with Anne Nichols and Rosalie Stewart in the feminine rôles. Some time, when we have more space, we will work out a cast, but, right off the bat, we know that Mr. Al Woods is hired. It would also be wise to exclude actors from the audience, at least until the thing gets to running smoothly.



WE are a little cross with our Mr. Sherwood for introducing so much gun-fire into his new play, "The Queen's Husband," when he knows very well how we feel about such things. But since he also introduced a part for Roland Young we will say nothing about the other.

Mr. Young glides through "The Queen's Husband," changing it from a regulation love-and-intrigue comedy to something quite different. As the King who preferred china penguins to royal prerogatives but who came through clean in the end with a complete exercise of his divine rights, Mr. Young, for the first time in some years, has a chance to extend himself. He is a delectable comedian and Mr. Sherwood has given him a rôle which might well be the result of constant fittings and measurements, so well does it become him.

If "The Queen's Husband" has old-fashioned hokum it would seem to be "playing straight" for the King's wise-cracks, and once in a while even old-fashioned hokum is effective in its own right, especially in the last act. But there really was no need for the revolutionists to shoot so much. There are other ways of settling political disputes.

Robert Benchley.



"Funny the way these Westerners stick to the old clothes, ain't it?"

Radio Account of Football Game Played in Southern California

WELL, folks, Smultz has just kicked off for Lowland and the ball is now high in the beautiful California sunshine. Casey caught the ball for Pottsville on his own ten-yard line and I can just see the moon peeping over the top of Mount Baldy.

"You folks back East have no idea how beautiful it is out here.

Brennan just made five yards through left tackle and I have just taken off my coat and vest and if it gets any warmer I am going to discard my woolen handkerchief.



"I have my suspicions of Mrs. Tabby."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know anything definite, but I think she's been leading eighteen lives."

Pottsville just completed a twenty-five-yard forward pass and Knon Kompis, director of First Conglomerated Pictures, has just stopped by to say that only this morning he saw a black-eyed Susan pushing its way up through a concrete sidewalk in Hollywood.

"You folks back East have no idea how beautiful it is out here.

Pottsville now has the ball on Lowland's forty-yard line and twelve movie stars have just passed by carrying huge garlands of American Beauties. Perhaps you folks back East don't know that all the flowers here grow right out in the rain, no artificial flowers being tolerated. Murphy of Pottsville has just drop-kicked a goal from the thirty-yard line and the ball sailed right over the wall and landed in a bunch of pineapples growing in a vacant lot.

Smultz is again kicking off for Lowland and an aviator who is taking in the game from an altitude of six thousand feet has just radioed down that the climate is even better when viewed from that altitude. He also says that the banana plantations at the foot of Mount Baldy look simply gorgeous.

"Well, folks, it won't be long now. It looks like Pottsville has this game on

ice. Ha! Ha! Ice in California! That's a hot one! Lowland is going to attempt a field goal. Here they go. The ball is snapped. Smultz swings his mighty right foot. What's that? A gusher of oil? Yes! Smultz stubbed his toe underneath the ball and he struck oil!

"You folks back East—"

P. M. Mongan.



HE: I love your lips, your eyes, your nose, your throat, your hair, your ears, your cheeks, your hands, your arms, your form, your poise, your charm, your—

SHE: Yes, but do you love me?

What Pandora's Box Would Contain To-day

A LIPSTICK.

A An eyebrow pencil.

Some mascara.

A box of rouge.

Two mash note

Three nickels.

Four pennies.

A mechanical pencil.

A wad of chewing gum

A risqué joke clipped from a magazine.

Some spilled powder.

A dance program.

A fraternity pin.

A broken garter.

Too Much Modernism

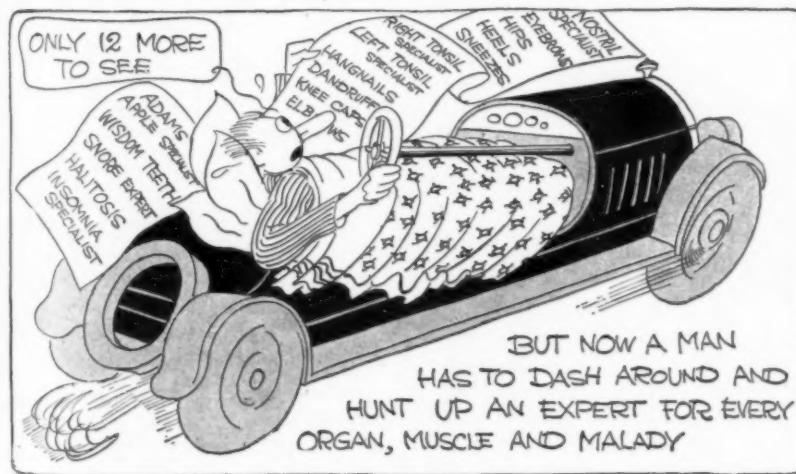
"THIS 'Adam and Eve' by John Erskine will make a hot play if they don't go and spoil it."

"How could they spoil it?"

"Well, they might put it in modern dress."



"**M**Y dear, I'm all-of-a-QUIV-and-FLICKer! I mean I'm simply QUAKING with QUALMS at this point, no less, because I had to USHer at the Junior LEAGUE Show, my dear, and it was POSitively perVERTed because I kept putting EV'rybody in the wrong PEWS and things and that POIsOnous Mrs. BLEMish was all hot and



THE ADVANCE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

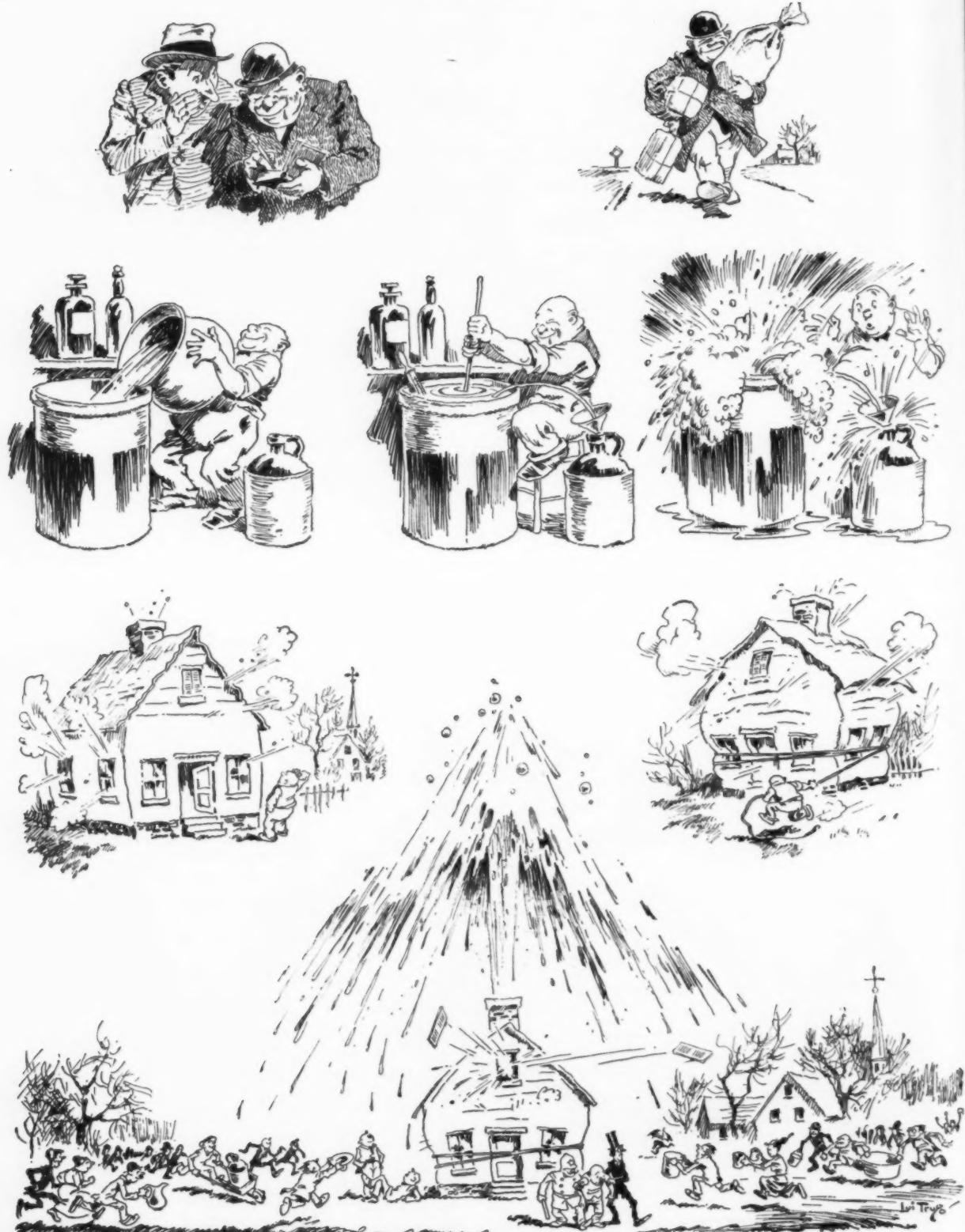
BOTHered, my dear, and kept making VILE reMARKS about having to PERCH behind a POST, sort of, and I NEARly had hysTERics because this AWfully sweet MAN who I met at a DANCE last WEEK sent me this treMENDous bunch of ORChids and simply EV'rybody kept ASKING me who BUNCHED me all EVEning and I thought I'd ACTually go MAD and BITE myself, my dear, because the CURtain got STUCK and practicably EV'rybody was conVULSED and it was TERRibly emBARRassing, sort of, because EV'rybody kept ASKING me why I wasn't in the SHOW because they said I ought to have had the LEAD in it because they thought ELsie FLIMM was terribly STIFF and everything in the part, but I think she did AWfully WELL, my dear, consid'ring the PART didn't SUIT her TYPE, I mean, but it was PERFectly SCREAMing because she kept STUMbling through all these DANCes, sort of, and she got off the KEY in all her SONGs and EV'rybody was SIMply conVULSED but I mean I think she did AWfully WELL only the PART just didn't SUIT her or something and anyways I was in the show LAST year and I think EV'rybody is simply SICK of my MUG and it was HEAPS better to have somebody ELSE and all only I think ELsie would have been HEAPS better in some part where she sort of didn't have to DANCE or SING or anything—I mean I ACTually DO!"

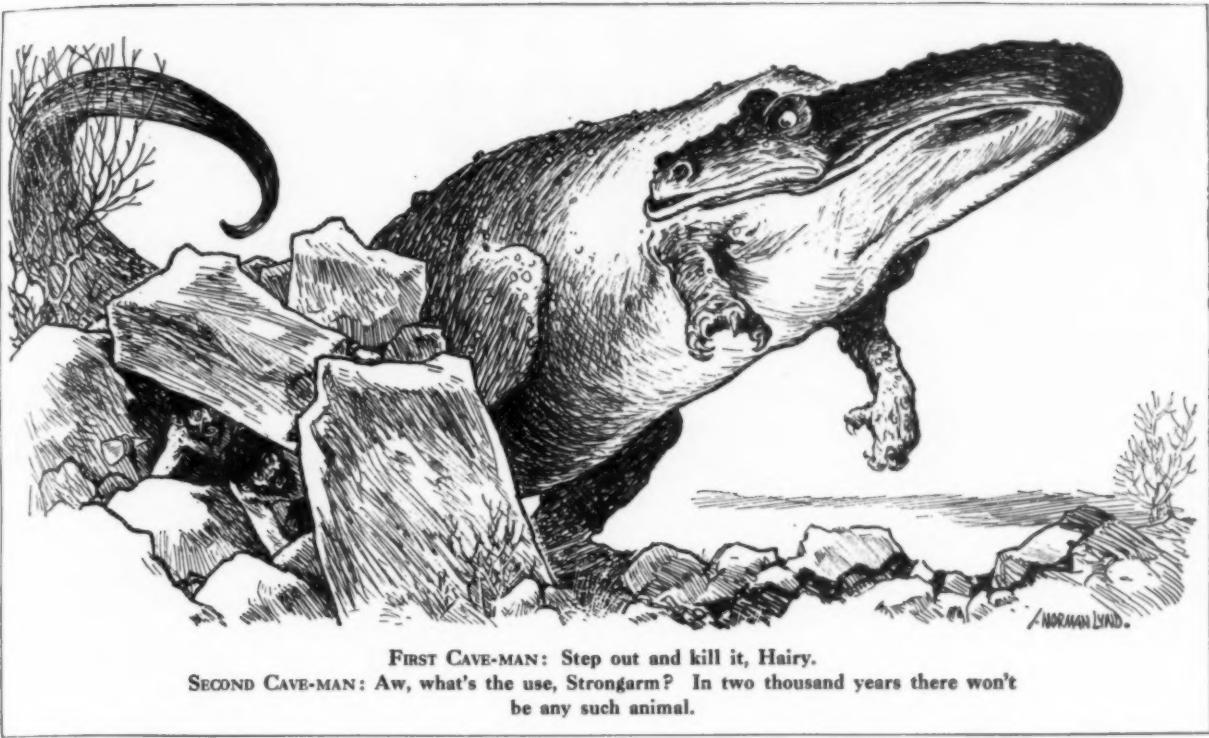
Lloyd Mayer.

A Place to Put It

TED: Say, I just heard a new wisecrack.

JACK: Good! Let's buy an old flivver.

Life**Home Brew**



Tobogganining—the Sport of Kings

WHO'S for a higgledy-piggledy breakneck ride down the hill on my toboggan? Who'll sit in the front and steer? You, Jack? You're the oldest. Take hold of those ropes and hang on tight; remember, this is a Little Dixie Flyer, the fastest thing on runners! All right, girls and boys, pile on. You first, Sally; you're next, Tom. I'll sit in the back, on top of Rupert. The last one on is a lazy good-for-nothing!

Hurrah! We're off! Now hold everything, girls and boys —ha, ha, ha. Here comes the bumbum. Wheeee! Thump-o! What did you say, Rupert? I thought I heard you say something.

Say, Jack, look out for that big elm tree at the foot of the hill. That's where Hank Burpee got concussion of the brain last Christmas.... Hey! I told you to look out! Steer to the left, quick! Jump, everybody! We're going straight for the tree!

Splfbgrjop! I'm full of snow. It's down my neck and in my ears and everything.... Where's Sally? Oh, under that drift. Hey, Sally, get up or I'll tickle you! You little rascal! EEEK!

Stop putting snow down my collar!

Well, I guess my toboggan is pretty well smashed up—thanks to you, Jack, old man. Why don't you ever look where you're steering? No, no, I won't let you pay for it. It's just an old thing. It only cost \$165. Why, no, Jack, it wasn't your fault.

Let's all go over to Rupert's place and dry our clothes off. Where's

Rupert? Hey, Rupert! Don't go home. Are you sore?

Aw, never mind the big baby. Let's get our skates and go on to the pond. The ice is pretty thin, but we're wet already, so what if we do fall in? Who's afraid? You are? There's my hand, brother. Shake!

Norman R. Jaffray.

"Sing Me a Baby Song!"

"...BYE baby bunting baby's boat's a silver moon everybody loves a baby's prayer at twilight angel child I'm just wild about you rock-a-bye my baby with a Dixie melody ten little fingers and ten little toes how I sigh how I cry for my babe-ee cry-baby blues yes sir that's my baby I love my baby my baby loves me baby mine I wonder where my baby is tonight five foot two eyes of blue baby-face you got the cutest little baby-face blue baby when a baby cries it wants lullabies MA-AMMY!"

E. P. Ferri.

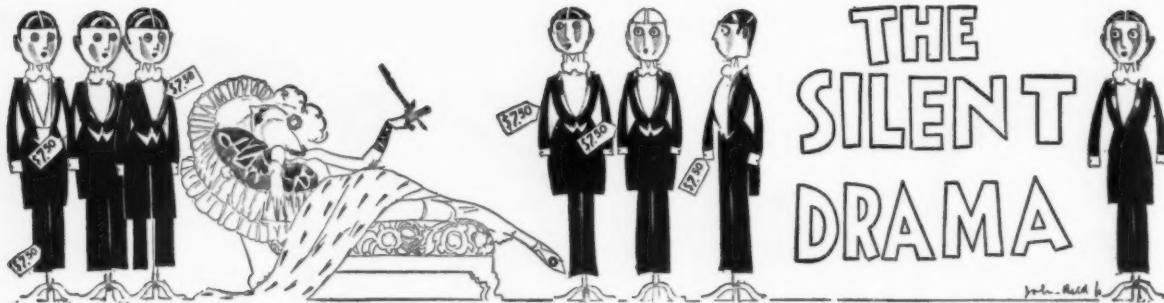
HAVE you a thorough education?"

"Have I? Why, I've worn out three postmen already."



"Isn't it a lively tempo he's playing?"
"Oh, is it? I thought it was a saxophone."

Life

**"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"**

IT is difficult to explain how or wherein "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," as a movie, proves unworthy of the famous title that it bears. It is well played, by little Ruth Taylor, Alice White, Ford Sterling and some others; it has the advantage of Malcolm St. Clair's expert direction; it is liberally supplied with gags—many of which are good gags.

Nevertheless, it manages to miss the main point of Anita Loos's original manuscript, and if you ask me what that point is, I shall have to break down and confess that I don't just know.

Perhaps I could get away with the statement that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" lacks the epic quality that distinguished "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" as a book. But there again you would have me. I don't even know what an epic quality is.

Anyway—Mr. St. Clair's product seemed phony, whereas Miss Loos's book seemed real. The same thing applies to the players. Miss Taylor, who impersonates the immortal *Lorelei*, may in real life be as dumb a young lady as one could hope to meet, but her dumbness on the screen appears studied and forced. It takes a mental giant to satirize an inferior mentality, and do it convincingly, with no suggestion of a protuberance in the cheek. Miss Loos accomplished that feat; the makers of this movie did not.

Perhaps the trouble lies in the fact that there are so few mental giants in Hollywood.

IN view of that last crack, it might be well to add that Miss Loos herself adapted "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" to the screen, then edited and titled the finished picture. She is not, therefore, entirely free from blame for the mediocrity of this film.

The Circus. Charlie Chaplin in what, to me, is the funniest picture he has ever made.

The Devil Dancer. A messy story, some striking lighting effects, and Gilda Gray.

Wife Savers. Those two comical fellows, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, have fun on the slopes of the Alps.

The Silver Slave. Irene Rich in another exhibition of maternal martyrdom.

A Texas Steer. Will Rogers tries hard to atone for the general flatness of the humor in this comedy of political life in Washington.

The Dove. The villainy of Noah Beery pitted against the virtue of Norma Talmadge, with Mr. Beery coming out second-best in the struggle.

**THE SILENT DRAMA****"Beau Sabreur"**

ALTHOUGH "Beau Sabreur" is announced as a sequel to "Beau Geste," it is no more than a pallid counterfeit of Herbert Brenon's stalwart melodrama. Indeed, it is a surprisingly feeble offspring of the novel from which it was taken—and that novel, with all due respect to Major Percival Christopher (or vice versa) Wren, was pretty punk to begin with.

The whole "surprise punch" of the story is left out, which is fortunate in one way: we are at least spared the picturesque American slang (such as "Wa-al, I'll be downright gum-swoggled") with which Major Wren enlivened his now familiar pages.

There are some effective desert scenes in "Beau Sabreur," but no inordinate amount of credit should be taken for that. The desert is always the greatest movie actor of them all.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

On Your Toes. Reginald Denny back in the roped arena. It is amusing, but too long.

Serenade. I'm tired of using words such as "debonair," "suave," "civilized" and "sophisticated" in describing Adolphe Menjou's brand of comedy—but what other words are there?

West Point. I'm also growing terribly tired of seeing William Haines as a flip, cocksure young smart-aleck who is given his come-uppance.

Man, Woman and Sin. John Gilbert, aided (now and then) by Jeanne Eagels, in an effective drama about a gullible newspaper man.

The Gaucho. Douglas Fairbanks evidently attended a service in the Cathedral of St. Cecil B. DeMille. The results, as

evidenced in this picture, are rather regrettable.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. This isn't, and wasn't designed to be, a rival of "The Last Laugh," either as a work of art or as a wage-earner.

Get Your Man. You've probably seen Clara Bow in her underclothes before.

Love. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo go through their old wrestling act again.

My Best Girl. Romance and comedy in a five-and-ten store, with Mary Pickford just as sweet and lovable and appealing and so forth as ever.

Sunrise, The Student Prince, The Patent Leather Kid, The Garden of Allah, The High School Hero and Wings are all worthy of attention.





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Egbert: I'M AFRAID OUR HONEYMOON WILL TAKE EVERY PENNY I'VE SAVED UP.
Adeline: WHAT OF IT? A HONEYMOON IS SOMETHING THAT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE IN EVERY TWO OR THREE YEARS.

—*Everybody's Weekly (London)*.

February Dirge
 How rotten and sodden the snow!
 Brown ash heaps—deplorable row!
 Go, Winter, go!
 Spring!
 Can there be such a thing?
 No.
 It will ever be so—
 Ashes and soot-sodden snow!
 —E. M. F., in
Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Quite Comfortable, Thank You
 THE English are making a test of a heating device for aeroplanes. We are reluctantly informed that it consists of coals, vestas, a tin of paraffin, and a maid called Jenkins.—*New Yorker*.

Low-Spirited

"On leaving, his host had put some of the still hot punch into his thermos flask... but he lost it. He felt beaten."—*Australian Journal*.
 No wonder, after losing his punch.
 —*Smith's Weekly (Sydney)*.



"I AM VERY NERVOUS AND REQUIRE A COMPANION WHO WILL BE VERY CALM AND NEVER ANSWER ME."

"I HAVE THE VERY THING—A FORMER TELEPHONE OPERATOR."

—*Le Petit Bleu (Paris)*.

Boiling It Down

WHEN the speaker of the day arrived, the chairman of the noon lunch club said to him:

"Our program is a little crowded today, as usual, and you will have only about ten minutes for your address. What is your subject?"

"Time, Space, and Life," replied the speaker of the day, dryly.

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Nothing in Its Place

"WELL," said the ultra-modern young mother, "it's time to make the baby's bedtime cup of malted milk. Where the devil did I leave that cocktail shaker last night? Or was it this morning?"

—*Detroit Free Press*.



THE TABLECLOTH-WRITING EXPERT CALCULATES HIS INCOME TAX.

—*Toronto Goblin*.

And Caesar Crossed the Delaware

BOTH science and history are taught to good effect in our schools. Although the facts in a child's mind may be somewhat disorderly, they are there, at any rate—in heaps. In one composition a pupil wrote: "Galileo discovered the law of the pendulum when an apple dropped on his head from the leaning tower of Pisa."

—*Detroit News*.

Intriguing

PROOFREADER (after reading proof five times on latest novel): This opus oughta be pretty good. Guess I'll have to read it when I get time.

—*Carolina Buccaneer*.



"IN FLIRTATIONS WITH MARRIED MEN, THE FIRST THING TO REMEMBER IS THE NINTH COMMANDMENT."

"YES, I KNOW, MAMA—'THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE,'—BUT IT SAYS NOTHING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HUSBAND."

—*Excelsior (Mexico City)*.

Marked Zero

THE main test
 Of a culture acquired
 In ten easy lessons
 Is its effect
 On a culture
 Which has required
 Ten generations
 To perfect itself.

—*Arkansas Gazette*.

Too Late

THE newly married, beautiful-but-dumb young thing dashed into the house in the greatest of anguish.

"Oh, Hector," she wailed, "I've just been bitten by a dog!"

"There, there, darling," soothed the brand-new husband, "don't you worry. Just you go and put some peroxide on it."

"Bu—but I—I can't," she sobbed. "It's run away!"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

PERSONAL—Col. Charles Lindbergh made a flying trip to Central America recently.—*Florida Times-Union*.

Redundancy: Needless repetition, as "old-fashioned cook stove."

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.



Old Lady: YE CALLUS 'USSY, SITTIN' THERE CALMLY SMOKIN' AFTER YE'VE RUN A POOR MAN DOWN!

—*Tatler (London)*.

The Gentleman

He was a real gentleman, one of the few genuine specimens. He didn't wear spats or a silk hat, but the lift of his face, the fine eyes, the reserved expression, stamped him for what he was. He was no taller than I, but I felt dwarfed, on an altogether different plane.

His attitude was typical when a fellow dropped some coins, in the scrimmage to get off and pay his fare at the same time. While low people like myself were screwing their necks this way and that, he merely looked loftily over our heads. Observing his disdain, I blushed and tried in vain to dissimulate.

My idol nearly dropped from his pedestal a few minutes later, however, when I saw him move his foot and pick up the shilling that was concealed there; but my disappointment was only temporary, for he did it with such dignity, such austerity, such detachment, as only a real gentleman could have displayed.

—R.C.H., in *Smith's Weekly* (Sydney).

Bring On Your Cold Waves!

A hobo picked up in Illinois was wearing seven suits of winter underwear. Here seems to be the real world's heavyweight champion.—*Arkansas Gazette*.



UNCLE SAM has earned the credit of introducing two kinds of diplomacy—shirtsleeve and airplane.

—*Boston Herald*.

Now Go On with the Story

A FATHER was telling his little girl the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. The child listened intently as he related how the sculptor fashioned the wonderful statue with a hammer, how he fell in love with it when it was finished, and how it came to life under the warmth and sincerity of his love. When he had finished the father waited for the child's comments. "Daddie," she said, after a short pause, "what did he do with the hammer?"—*Tatler (London)*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stampa. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

We're Not All Made of Money

THERE are not so many millionaires as some people would think. During 1927, the remark, "You must think I'm a millionaire," was made by 354,290 American husbands.

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

"The right time to begin your Christmas Saving Club is—not next year—not next month—not next week."—Adv. in a Bridgeport (Conn.) paper.

BUT, as Irving Berlin has so lyrically put it, always.—*New Yorker*.

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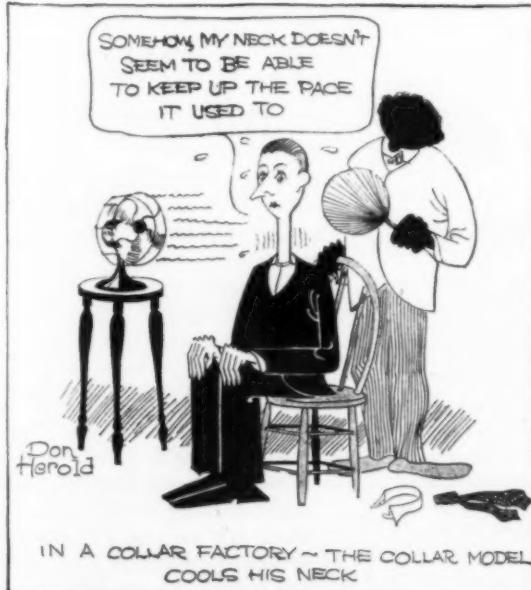
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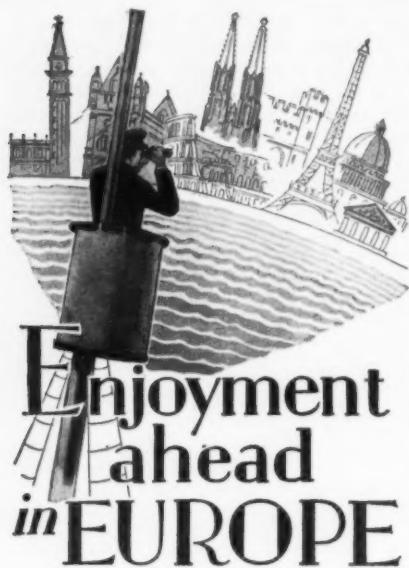
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Rhymed Reviews

Dusty Answer

By Rosamond Lehmann. Henry Holt & Co.

WE pray, we yearn in toil and strife,
Betrayed by Hope, that false romancer;
And what's the best we get from Life?—
A dirty look, a dusty answer!

The bairns whom Judith met next door
Were Mariella, fair of body,
And Mariella's cousins four,
Named Julian, Martin, Charles and Roddy.

The boys grew up with brains and looks
And scarcely worked or worried any;
They don't in cultured English books
Where no one ever lacks a penny.

And yet their lives were full of snarls
With jarring claims on one another,
For Mariella married Charles
Though loving Julian, Charlie's brother.

And Judith cared for none but Rod,
Though Julian loved her, so did Martin;
While Rod's affairs were quite too odd
For any girl to play a part in.

And as for girls, their loves and hates,—
They shocked me some, I must acknowledge,
Those epiceene sophisticates
Whom Judith knew at Hectic College.

Well, Charles is dead a long, long day;
And Martin's drowned, the decent fellow;
And Mariella's gone away,
And Rod and Julian both are yellow.

So Judith's rid of all the set;
And any other queer entrancer
Who comes to pester her will get
A dirty look, a dusty answer.

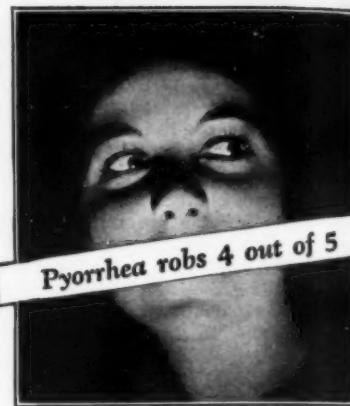
Arthur Guiterman.

Courtesy to Patrons

IRATE HOTEL GUEST (*phoning to office*): Say, whatsa big idea? Somebody's running up and down the halls and I can't catch a wink of sleep.

APOLOGETIC CLERK: I'm very sorry, sir, but, you see, we have no control over the fire department.—*California Pelican*.

TEETH ARE WHITE BUT...



Pyorrhoea robs 4 out of 5

So good to look upon, teeth of flashing whiteness adorn personal charm. But they do not safeguard health against Pyorrhœa.

Unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay Pyorrhœa's price. They sacrifice health.

Take this precaution: See your dentist regularly. Use the dentifrice that not only cleans teeth white but also helps to firm gums. Pyorrhœa seldom attacks healthy gums.

Morning and night, every day, use Forhan's for the Gums. It does all a dentifrice should do. Get a tube from your druggist—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

If I were a motorist

I'd be primed for changing tires along dark country roads, ready to pick out road-signs at dark intersections, ready for all those jobs that come to the man who drives a car at night.

Not only ready, but Eveready, if you get me, with a good flashlight. And I'd keep that flashlight hitting on all cylinders by using genuine Eveready Batteries—the kind that lasts and lasts and lasts.

Get the flashlight habit. That's my tip to motorists, and no foolin'.

**The Young Man Who Writes
the Want-Ads Pens a Note
to His Sweetie**

DEAR GIRL:

As I sit here at my desk, I have been thinking of you constantly, visioning you in my mind. Even tho I am to see you tonite, I feel as tho I must talk to you now—and so the little note.

Grl dr, it wll only be 2 mnths now until Apr. 18, and you & I will be 1. What a hppy dy that wll be. We shll nvr prt.

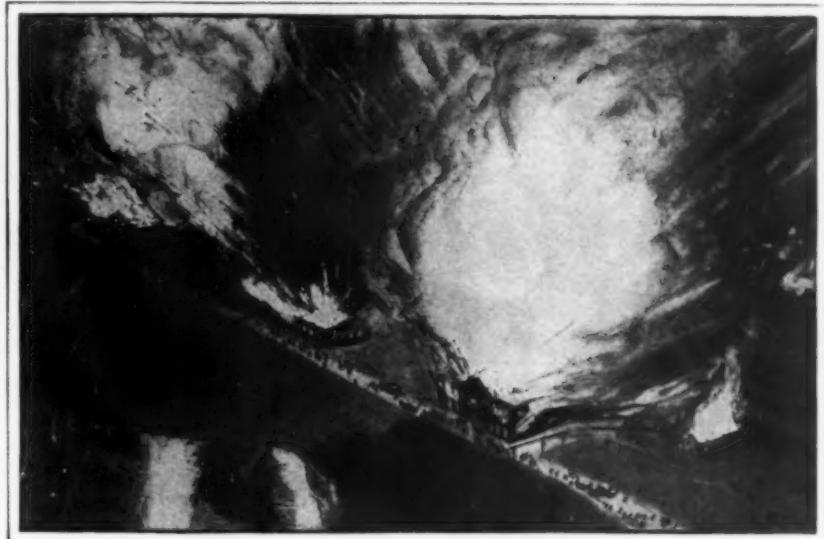
I saw the hse tday which I shll by fr us. It is 6 rm. detachd, brnd new stucco bung; 3 bdrms, hdwd flrs; 30 ft lot; strhn exposr; 2 w beds; and wll sacrfe at \$7500. Wnt tht b wndrf.

B out aftr u tnite in my Cdle 61 sdan; ideal fmy car; prfect rrrning endtn; beautiful & wll-kept apprnce; trd acceptble.

Wth lv & ksss,
RBT. SMTH.
Walt Campbell.

I Can Remember

I CAN remember New York in the days when two and a half million New Yorkers did not read tabloid newspapers; when nudity in the theatre was unknown; when gang warfare was not conducted with machine guns; when Texas Guinan was not a celebrity and night clubs were known as cabarets; when notables of the stage did not attend murder trials; when the busiest civic official was not the Chairman of the Welcoming Committee; when "it" functioned in metropolitan conversation as a pronoun pure and simple; when opera stars did not sing the praises of cigarettes; when prize-fighters were illiterate and Tex Rickard was not a corporation; when the Ca-



The Spirit of Service

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



IN JULY, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the \$80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little

over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed.

In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get them message through."



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thedral was a cathedral and not a movie palace; when no theatrical producers dared to ask fifty dollars for a first-night ticket; when Theodore Dreiser was not a best seller; when flagpoles held aloft flags; when gentlemen did not necessarily prefer blondes; when the Black Bottom was unknown; when intellectual inferiority was not an advertising idea; when "super-heterodyne" was not a household word.

Why, I can remember New York way back in 1928. *Tup.*

GROW TALLER

Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up to the big fellow. No need to live in the disadvantage of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

L. GLOVER
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Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

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City.....





When you sail on American ships to Europe

YOUR trip abroad on any American liner today is like a week's visit in a first class, modern American hotel. These ships belong to you—they constitute the *American way* to Europe.

The flagship, *S. S. Leviathan*, is the largest and best known ship in the world. A little over five glorious days of sea and sun from her pier in New York to Cherbourg and Southampton.

The *S. S. George Washington* is now the largest American cabin ship, with rates very much reduced. Reservations on the *S. S. Republic*, are always in demand among cabin class passengers, and the beautifully re-conditioned *S. S. America* will be one of the very finest cabin ships in the world.

The *S. S. President Roosevelt* and *S. S. President Harding* make regular winter sailings between New York, Algiers, Naples, Genoa.

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The Radio Man Turns Police Reporter

THIS story of how John Smith, 34, was shot and killed last night by his attractive blonde wife, 18, at their home, 913 West Forty-second Street, is available to you through the efficiency of the W. and W. Typewriter, the F. and F. Linotype and the Gosling Multiple Folding and Counting Press.

Mr. Smith was a bookkeeper for the Armour & Montgomery Company, everything for the home, and was shot to death upon his return from work last evening. The pretty young wife used a Smith & Richardson Nevermiss—they get their man—revolver. The first bullet pierced the husband's heart, tearing its way through his natty brown business suit, one of the new winter showings at Brandywine's Broadway Tog Shop.

Following the shooting, Mrs. Smith summoned an Ochre Cab—they get you there and they get you coming back—and drove her worse half to All Souls' Hospital, which next month starts its annual drive for a five-million-dollar endowment fund.

Funeral services for the victim will be held to-morrow from the home—a delightful California bungalow effect, with brick and stucco walls and tinted tile roof. Those desiring to say it with flowers will find no better florist anywhere than the Whispering Hope Posy Palace.

This newspaper is printed on Mame Triple-Ply Newsprint by authority of the United States Post Office Department, and operates on a columnar length of twenty-one and one-half inches.

John Forbes.

Convalescent

THREE-YEAR-OLD Agnes was recuperating from a short illness. A neighbor, seeing her sitting on the front steps, asked, "How are you feeling this morning, Agnes?"

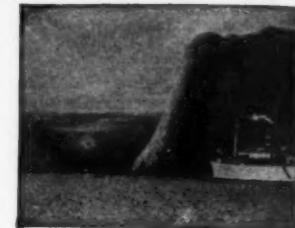
"Well," she plaintively replied, "I don't feel as good as I would if I could."

—Liberty.

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Norway

The Land of the Midnight Sun

Picture to yourself Europe's grandest mountains and glaciers, prettiest lakes, highest waterfalls, quaintest customs and costumes—then realize that you can see them all in Norway, plus the truly marvelous fjords which you can see nowhere else.

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It is a blend that lets the sun-lightin... like a bath...

Add to quart of sweet cider cup Martini & Rossi non alcoholic Vermouth (Ital. or Ex. Dry). Add juice one lemon and two oranges. Few drops Amargo Bitters. Mix gently. Chill on ice. Pour in glasses, garnish with Maraschino cherries.

Sendsfor "Happy Days Recipes"

to W. A. Taylor & Co., 94H Pine Street, New York City

MARTINI & ROSSI
Vermouth

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 13)

adjacent building which had shot up since they moved in, whereupon I did advise her to purchase a miner's cap with a light on it in order to save on the electricity bills, but we did both conclude that the two things in the world on which a civilized citizen could never think of economizing are lights and laundry. Dinner alone with Sam, of a ham casserole, very fine, and so to reading in a book called "The Pallid Giant," by P. B. Noyes, in which the mystery theme is cosmic, and diverting enough, albeit I had liefer have one old man dead on his library floor.

January 19th By the first post this morning a brochure entitled,

"Bridge Jingles," wrote by Milly Baird of Watertown, New York, and full of such sense that I do have high hopes of making a better player out of Sam by the rhyming principle, and one of the first things I shall quote him is:

"When partner's first bid's three or more
Keep off, though cards look tempting;
He wants to shut out all the bids.
It's what they call pre-empting,"

forasmuch as his chivalrous efforts to rescue me on such occasions is so Quixotic as to run into money, Quixotic, as Agnes Smith once remarked, being Spanish for "a damn fool." And another quatrain which I do think is good for almost anybody is:

"Don't think because you've made your
bid
Your partner smiles at you with pride;
He may have seen some tricks you lost,
And smile because you're satisfied."

A-talking with my servant Florence about this and that, I did discover that she is seriously disturbed by the lack of intelligence displayed by Mr. Warbucks, a character in our favorite comic strip, "Little Orphan Annie," and she did enjoin me to write to Harold Gray about it, feeling that his attention should be called to the inconsistency of allowing a man whom he depicts as making millions and swaying empires to leave, repeatedly, a little child in circumstances so precarious that they might well eventuate in tragedy. To the playhouse this evening to see "The Royal Family," as satisfactory a piece as I have seen in many months, and Ann Andrews so good in her part that I did whisper to Sam that it must have been written in heaven for her, whereupon he hastened to reassure me that it was probably only in Atlantic City.

Baird Leonard.

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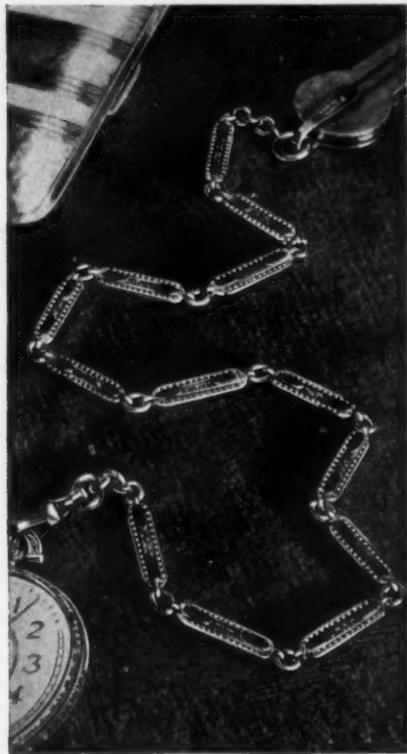
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